



Dolly



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15

### DOLLY.

**M**Y dolly was young and fair,  
With beautiful flaxen hair,  
And all her things could take off and on,  
And she had real shoes to wear.

She was made by the toy-  
shop man,  
Her body was stuffed with  
bran,  
And she could open and  
shut her eyes;  
And none of Jane's dollies  
can.



And I lent her to Jane one day,  
While I went in the garden to play;  
And when Jane wasn't looking, the cat and dog  
Both happened to pass that way.



The story's too sad to  
tell  
In the kind of words I  
can spell;  
But the picture will tell  
you better than I;  
Or, at any rate, just as  
well.



## ONLY A BABY.

ONLY a baby? So I may be;  
 But there's something quite as true:  
 Great folks, tall folks, short folks, all folks,  
 Once on a time were babies too.

## PLAYING NURSE.

MAUD, Bessie, and Marjorie, playing at  
 nurse,  
 Said they never, oh, never, did see  
 Such beautiful babies as their little babies,  
 Such wonderful babies three.

And they carried them upstairs, and car-  
 ried them down,  
 And shouted and laughed  
 in glee;

Such queer  
 little women as these little women,  
 Such good little nurses three.

Papa as he rides past the window  
 looks in,  
 And "Bless their sweet  
 faces!" says he,  
 He thinks they're the  
 best little bairns in  
 the world,  
 Because he's their  
 father, you see.



## MY DOLLY.

I HAVE a little Dolly,  
Who can neither  
read nor talk,  
And so I try to teach her  
The proper way to  
walk.

So every day I take her  
A little tiny way;  
I think if I am patient  
She'll walk quite well  
some day.

Indeed, she will be clever,  
But then you know the rhyme —  
All clever things are done, dears,  
A little at a time!



## SNAPPY.

WHEN I to seven years old had grown,  
My dear devoted Pappy  
Gave me a dog to call my own,  
At least I called him "Snappy."

Each day, when lessons all are done,  
I hear his rappy, rappy,  
As though he'd say, "Now come and play.  
And don't forget your Snappy."

Then off we go among the  
flowers,  
And spring-trees fresh and  
sappy,  
And play at hide-and-seek for  
hours,  
He is so sharp, my Snappy.

And when I've had enough of  
play,  
And feel I'm growing nappy,  
"You go to sleep," he seems to  
say,  
"And I will watch," says  
Snappy.

He nestles down, his tail all  
curled,  
His faithful heart quite happy,  
He is the dearest in the world,  
My little darling Snappy.



## THE DOLLS' PARTY.

THE company came  
at three o'clock,  
With many a ring,  
and a rat-a-tat-tat  
knock!

They came in ones, and  
they came in pairs;  
Some sat on the floor,  
and some on chairs,  
The day they gave the Concert!

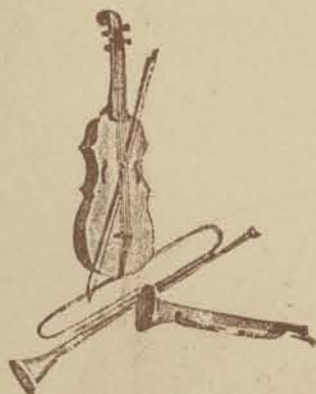
The dollies all came, so I've  
understood,—  
Lady Belle, who's wax, and  
Sarah, who's wood;  
Their behavior was most re-  
markably good;  
They would have applauded,  
if they could,  
The day they gave the  
Concert!

Somebody sang, and then  
somebody played;  
And Fido quite a sensation  
made;



He barked and got so very excited,  
That Lady Belle was "dreadful frightened,"  
The day they gave the Concert!

At last "that's all of it!" some one said;  
And then the dollies went home to bed.  
And two little girls were tired-out quite,  
Long before bedtime came, on the night  
Of the day they gave the Concert!



## ROCK-A-BY.

ROCK-A-BY, rock-a-by,  
Dolly's afloat  
Out on the sea in a big  
wicker boat;  
When the boat creaks I'm  
afraid we may be  
Thrown to the bottom of nur-  
sery sea.

Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, dear  
little Sis,  
I'm glad you can rock us as  
nicely as this.  
Tip the big boatie from side  
unto side—  
Dolly's enjoying her wonderful  
ride.



*DOLLIES'*  
*DRIVE.*

**L**AST Saturday morn-  
ing I took out  
my dollies,  
They hadn't been well  
and they wanted fresh  
air;  
They were Dorothy Jane,  
and Rose Anna Amelia,  
And Lanty and Shady,  
an odd little pair.

Now Lanty and Shady my uncle Dick gave me;  
They are cut out of wood, and have only one arm;  
But Dorothy Jane and Rose Anna Amelia  
Are beautiful ladies, with manners that charm.



So down the long alley we  
quietly trotted,  
I pushing the barrow, they  
smiling and gay,  
When "Bow-wow!" said Tow-  
zer, and burst from the  
bushes —  
Rose Anna Amelia fainted  
away,

And Dorothy Jane she went into hysterics;  
But never a bit did those other two care.  
They're poor penny dollies with no proper feelings;  
They shall walk by themselves when they next take the air.





## LITTLE TRAVELLERS.

O H Wooden-Chair Couch is a capital carriage  
For Letty and Hetty and me.  
We drove all the way from East India to Boston,  
And never got wet in the sea.

For I was the driver, and drove our old Neddy,  
Who galloped and galloped so fast,  
I had to cry "Gently," and "Whoa, boy!" and "Steady,"  
To make him go slower at last.



'Twas Letty sat up on the cushion beside me,  
And Hetty lay still on her knee  
In her best satin gown, with her hair combed out tidy,  
As happy as happy could be.

We travelled past Greenland and Marigold Mountain,  
Through Rose-shire and Butterfly-vale,  
And stopped for a drink at the Willow-tree Fountain,  
When Neddy looked weary and pale.

Then Letty got drowsy  
and tired of travel,  
We'd been such a long while  
away;

So I turned around by the Gulf  
of Green Gravel,  
And drove us right home  
in a day.

So down in Veranda Land  
soon we alighted,  
Quite pleased to be  
back, I must own;  
And mother, to see  
us was, oh,  
so delighted!  
And told us  
how much  
we had  
grown.



THE

NAUGHTY

DOLLY.

NOW, Dolly, sit still,  
if you please,  
You've done enough  
harm for to-day;  
And it's no use your pout-  
ing, my dear,  
And saying it all was  
in play.

You upset the ink — yes — you did;  
You tore your new frock, and you said,  
"Don't care," — when I said I'd a mind  
To whip you and put you to bed.

You wore your best shoes in the mud,  
And stole the jam tarts, I suppose;  
That, that's why your hand has come off,  
And why you will turn in your toes.

Your hair is as rough as can be,  
Your pinafore's fastened with twine;  
I'm sure there was never before  
So naughty a dolly as mine.



If you really *won't* do as  
I wish,  
I fear—yes—I very  
much fear  
I must get a new doll  
from the shop,  
And let *The Boys* have  
you, my dear.



No, no—I don't mean it—don't scream!  
The *Boys* shall not have you, my pet;  
Don't cry any more, there's a dear!  
I'll try to forgive and forget.

I'll wash you, and then you shall wear  
A gown that will cover your feet;  
Let your hands hang behind you, and then  
You will look quite genteel and complete.

And I'll make you a  
beautiful swing,  
With the help of the  
back of a chair;  
And I'll never let any one  
know  
How exceedingly  
naughty you were.





### *A STITCH IN TIME.*

I'M a busy little girl, you see,  
 As busy as a bee can be,  
 For there's a little hymn  
 That says, "A stitch in time  
 Saves nine in the end," you see.

Dolly's got a wound, — alas!  
 I don't know how it came to pass,  
 And the sawdust ebbs away;  
 It's been doing so all day,  
 For I found it on the garden  
 grass.



And she's hanging down her little head  
 Just exactly as if she were dead;  
 Oh! whatever shall I do  
 If I cannot bring her to?  
 I shall never have another doll  
 instead.





### *SENSIBLE PEOPLE.*

**K**ITTY has a little doll  
Which has not learnt to chatter,  
But as she cannot talk herself,  
It does not make much matter.

And Tommy is quite  
content,  
Because he has no  
horse, dears,  
To ride upon his un-  
cle's dog,  
And like it too, of  
course, dears.



So Tommy with his uncle's dog,  
And Kitty with her dolly,  
Through their little life will jog,  
And find it very jolly.

They do not want the sun at night,  
Or try to climb a steeple;  
And that is why they are so bright,  
And not like other people!

### *UP TO THE ROSES.*

**U**P to the roses,  
Their sweetness  
to smell,  
Our Polly is lifting  
Her doll Nanciebelle.

Now this is the ques-  
tion  
That puzzles our  
Polly:  
Which has the reddest  
cheeks,  
Roses or Dolly?

Which is the rosiest?  
*I cannot tell —*  
Roses or Polly,  
Or Doll Nanciebelle?





## DOLLIES' PLEASURE BOAT.

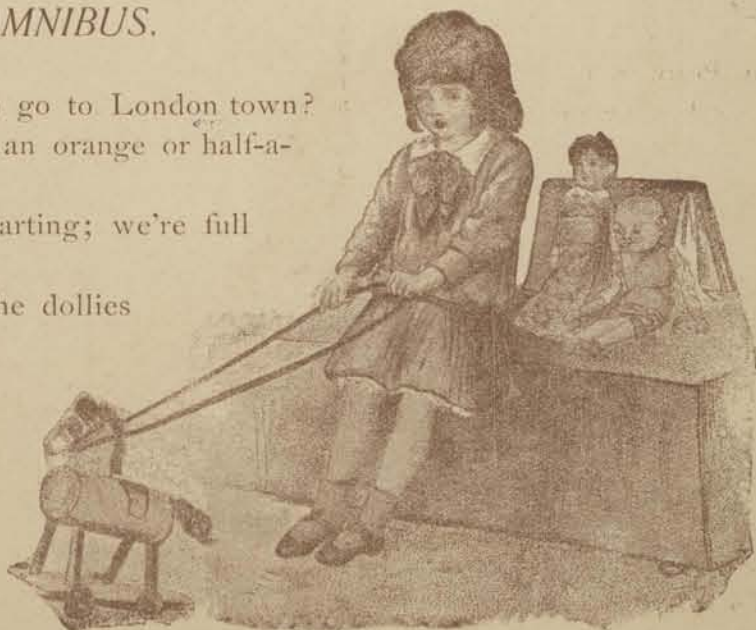
THIS is our Dollies' pleasure boat,  
It has a paper sail,  
And it will beautifully float  
When Bobby blows a gale.  
The Dollies do not fear the storm,  
Salt water does not harm;  
They both are happy now, and gay,  
A-sailing on this pleasant day,  
Though he has wholly lost his legs,  
And she has but one arm.



You cannot see *she's* not complete  
Under her pretty gown,  
And *he* can do without his feet  
When he is sitting down.  
It's true the boat is very small,  
And likely to capsize.  
You can't have everything, and so  
We make the best of things, you know,  
And we *pretend* the dolls are whole,  
And the boat the proper size.

## THE OMNIBUS.

WHO wants to go to London town?  
The fare is an orange or half-a-  
crown.  
It's time we were starting; we're full  
inside,  
But up on the top the dollies  
can ride,  
Can ride to London  
town.



### *DOLLY'S CAPE.*

**T**HIS is Dolly's cape,  
dear,  
All tied with silken  
tape, dear,  
It's lined with fur,  
And just suits her,  
The very latest shape,  
dear.



### *A MORNING RIDE.*

**O**THIS is the way we ride to town,  
In a blue silk bonnet and white silk gown,  
And a brand new carriage that's painted brown,  
On a fine summer's morning !

Now, first we'll call on Miss Lucy Grey,  
At Doll's House Villa over the way,  
And ask if they're all quite well to-day, —  
This bright and sunny morning !

Then spend an hour at the candy shops,  
And fill our pockets with lollipops,  
Sweet barley sugar, and chocolate drops,  
This bright and sunny morning !



Then home we'll  
go, at a rattling  
pace,  
Round Sideboard  
Corner and  
Hearthrug  
Place,  
With laughing  
eyes and a rosy  
face,  
This bright and  
sunny morning !



## GOOD AND NAUGHTY.

MY name is Lilian, and I am six years old. I have quite made up my mind — quite — that it is stupid for little boys and girls to be naughty, because when the punishment comes it's just horrid. I have been naughty once or twice in my life; once, very naughty indeed. I ate a whole pot of strawberry jam one afternoon, that Mother had left on the table. I thought I would have only one little taste, and that was so nice, I thought I would have another little taste. And when I had eaten it all I was sorry, for Mother would be coming back soon. I thought Mother might be cross, and she was cross. She sent me to bed, and I had bread and water for tea.

It's delightful to be good, I think. I was good for three long weeks before my last birthday came. And then so many nice things happened. First of all, Mamma gave me a lovely doll for a present, and Papa gave me a perambulator for her, and Grandmamma gave me a doll's tea-set and a cradle. And I took the doll to see my friends, Esther and Mary, and they came back to tea with me, and brought their dolls, and we spent a very happy birthday, and at night I put Dolly to sleep in the cradle, and she didn't wake up all night.





### GOOD-NIGHT, DOLLY.

COME, good-night, my Dolly, dear!  
 It is bedtime, — do you hear?  
 "Little girl must go to bed!"  
 That is what my mamma said;

But I guess, I really do,  
 Dolly, dear, mamma meant you:  
 I'm not sleepy, so you see  
 Mamma couldn't have meant me.

Now the little nightie. O  
 Dolly, sweet, I love you so!  
 Now, good-night! Oh, dear! oh,  
 dear!

I see nursie coming here;  
 I'm afraid, to tell you true,  
 Mamma did mean me — not you.



### DOLLY'S TEA.

MY Dolly's getting quite  
 grown up:

She drinks tea every day  
 Out of a wee blue china cup,  
 In quite a lovely way.



And Kitty comes and has  
 her tea —

We call it that, you  
 know:

It's really milk, because,  
 you see,

She likes it better so.

When Kitty's done, she  
 always sits

And washes all her fur;

I don't think many little  
 kits

Are good and clean, like  
 her.

